HOW BIG MEN EAT TURKEY

Harrison Likes His Well Filled With Chestnuts.

TALMAGE'S POTATO PENCE

McKinley Wants an Ohio Bird Garnished With Sau-

sages.

There are as many turkeys as there are great men. More actually speaking, there are as many different ways of cooking



Turkey as Great Men Like Them.

ing. Mr. Jefferson always has to recite

something, and the dinner is an entertainment for which he could easily get \$25 per plate, without wine.

JEFFERSON'S PRETTY GIRL.

JEFFFERSON'S PRETTY GIRL.

"I like my tarkey when it comes in the room to be covered with green watercress. And I like it to be borne in by a pretty girl. These two things are obligatory. In the hands of a pretty girl a bronze turkey with green things trailing from it is a thing of wondrous beauty. The bigger the tarkey the better. I like a great hig bird and a very pretty serving maid. These go together and make the one and most important part of the feast."

"This year my turkey feast will be taken with draughts from my new Loving Cup."

with draughts from my new Loving Cup."

Bishop Potter's Thanksgiving turkey is a matter of much interest with the good man's friends. The hishop begins by declaring that he is not going to have a Thanksgiving turkey. There

send one. But the bishop is determined to thwart them. Last summer in those two weeks in the slung, he saw too many people that needed good food for him to indulge in selfish luxuries, and down to the simus the turkeys go in baskets. An old servant distributes them.

But the Bishop has his dinner. On Thankegiving Day he goes out to dine with some good host, and there is a turkey served in the Bishop's own style. This is turkey with troffles and surrounded by boiled vegetables. The vegetables are boiled whole and are placed in their bright coloring

and are placed in their bright coloring around the bird. The Bishop carves the bird by the host's request. "I like turkey cooked any way on Thanksgiving Day," declared the Bishop the other day, "because I am sure to be giving thanks, and whatever concess before me is good, res. If it's

wer comes before me is good—yes, if it's norseflesh garnished with bitter herbs!"

DEPEW'S OLE MAMMY.

Chaucey bepew actually licked his chops when asked about his Thanke living dinner. "Give me," he said, "a bird from my Hudson river farm cooked by an old mammy from Virginia. No one but a Southern darky can cook a turkey. A colored woman knows how to spice up the animal until it tastes like a drop of sweet nectar, and she understands getting it rich and done. Give me ole mammy's cooking every time. We used to have an old mammy so lazy she wouldn't move, but when it came to Thankgiving time she'd rouse herself and cook a turkey to the taste of the queen, or to my own taste—

rouse herself and cook a turkey to the taste of the queen, or to my own tastequite as critical a one."

A man once undertook to get up a book of 100 ways to cook a turkey, as recommended by great men, but when he'd got his 100 ways from his 100 great men he found that there were fully 500 more, just as great, and each envious to tell his own recipe for his national bird upon this national holiday.

turkey as there are great men to cat it and order it prepared in their own way.

Never a great personage, but knew how he took his turkey, and few in all the line of historical faces that have not given explicit directions for the roasting, the basting, the stuffing, and the serving. Separate story book. 'And can't the poor turkey getout of that fence?' asked my little grand-daughter once.

"The turkey should be very small and very young. I like him cooked quickly and served red hot. The potatoes make a very nice addition to the Thanksgiving dinner that is usually replete with mashed things—mashed polatoes, mashed turnips and mashed something else. The little crisp potato sticks are liked by all. I have eaten roast turkey with small bread fingers arranged around him like a wicker fence. This is a very good way with Viennasticks."

Joe Jefferson has the biggest turkey feast of all. Tiny Tim's "God bless us, every one," could be brought in appropriately at any pertion of the feast, like the benediction that it was. Mr. Jefferson fills his house with besom friends, and has his dinner served at the good old-fashined hours of 4 to 7. It is two meals in one. Between the courses there are specifically and single received by the life and specifically and single received the server of the production. ing, the stuffing, and the serving. Separate a great man from his turkey dinner and you rob a national holiday of a national spectacle. Approach a great man upon the subject of his tarkey and he will forget "to frown his greatness forth" and will grow affable upon this subject of mutual interest. M'KINLEY'S BIRD.

William McKinley was testing one afternoon recently between stump speeches in the western part of his own State when a the western part of me own state when a reperforal friend approached him thus upon the subject of turkey: "Where are you going to cat your Thanksgiving turkey, Mr. McKinley, and how do you like it?" "I can't answer the former to a surety,"

replied the tariff man promptly. Dut I can almost sing the answer to the second question, so well do I know it. I have given directions for my Toanks giving turkey many years, and I never vary then one lota.

"Hike my turkey roasted, but not stuffed. Now, shades of a man of New England meetry." Dynamite is toe road for such a

Now, shades of a man of New England an-cestry! Dynamite is too good for such a fellow! But still I don't like my turkey staffed. I like a twelve-pound animal with lots of fat on him and batter spread all over him. I want him roasted brown. I think it is twenty minutes to a pound of turkey, not counting the first few minutes while he is getting used to the oven. But I dont'want anything inside of him. A spiced stoffing ruins the flavor of the meat and gives indigestion.

"How do I like him served? Ob. I like him with a string of sausages over his breast as a flavoring. And with a lemon for a head. That is a good way to serve a turkey. You can boil the lemon awhile and make it soft, to be sliced and caten and make it soft, to be sliced and caten like a pickle, if you want to. My turkey is an Ohio bird. I forgot to mention that. Have you ever caten an Ohio turkey? No? Then you don't know what it is to Act Then you don't know what it is to give thanks for your Thanksgiving dia-ner. Do you want the rest of the menn? No? I am sorry, because I know a good dinner from beginning to end." Benjamin Harrison was resting at his

summer cottage not three weeks ago, when a friend stopped to ask him how he liked his national bird cooked for Thank

HARRISON'S COUNTRY STYLE. "I was just this minute thinking about my Thanksgiving dinner. That's funny, isn't it?" he said, pulling a chair out of the French window for his guest. "Well, you can say that I want an Indiana turkey

stuffed with Indiana chestnuts. When I was at the White House my Thanksgiving turkey traveled all the way to Washingto

turkey traveled all the way to Washington to me with the chestnuts in it, placed there by an Indianapolis cook.

"There's a queer thing about the cooking of a turkey. And in my estimation there's only one person who has solved the riddle. Or one class of persons. A farmer's daughter can cook a turkey, but on one clse in the world. I want my 'turk,' as the boys say, cooked by a farmer's daughter. The chestnuts inside must be big ones, domestic chestnuts inside must be big ones, domestic chestnuts, but the bumping kind that grow in Indiana and nowhere else."

President Cleveland only smiled and shook his head when asked how he likedhis Thanks giving turkey cooked. That shake might mean that he did not know, or it might mean that he did not want to tell. But there is a yearly guest at Mrs. Cleveland's Thanks-

giving table who volunteers the information The President likes his turkey all dressed up. Inside is the regular biscuit or cracker stuffing of the country, black with pepper and thick with siat and thyme and sweet marjoram. But the outside of the beast is what claims the attention of the President. He likes it rigged up and in a different style

He likes it rigged up and in a different style every year.

This year Mrs. Cleveland will place ribbons around the turkey of a deep brown had to set off listerisp sides. The ribbons are knotted at the sides of the platter and laid across with skewers to hold them in place. The turkey is brought on whole, not carved at the side, and the President removes the skewers. They are taid upon a plate with the ribbons elliging to them, and they remain there through the body of the feast. This ribban decoration is a very pretty one and easily managed. Last year Mrs. Cleveland banded the turkey with strings of smilax.

Forty Cycling Costumes.

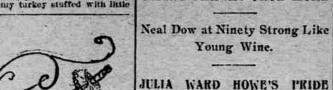
Forty girls in forty styles of cycling costumes were on exhibition, to women only, in Philadelphia theother day at a session of the Women's Congress. Every sort of costume was represented—bioomers of all lengths and sizes, ample and scant; divided skirts, bifurcated in various styles, and an abundance of different sorts of plain skirt costumes. The dresses were the work of big firms in the city, and a committee of the congress investigated the merits of the various styles, with a view to a report of some kind. A bicycle was fastened firmly on the stage, and on this many girls illustrated the appearance and advantages of their particular costume in actual wheeling practice. strings of smilax.

TALMAGE'S "TURKEY MOUTH."

Dr. Talmage, President Cleveland spastor, since he went to Washington to "assist" the Rev. Mr. Sunderland, has the "biggest turkey mouth," according to his own say, of any one in Washington. The good doctor has scarcely been installed in his new position when a reporter walted upon him to know his turkey preferences.

"I am cosmopolitan in my likes," said practice.

the doctor, "because I have traveled so much. Therefore, pardon me when I say that I want my turkey stuffed with little



It Centers All in Her Daughters. Ex-Secretary Evarts Plays With His Grandchildren.

No one can properly appreciate the pirit of Thanksgiving who has not lived upon earth for the full three score and ten f his allotted time. By virtue of strength he is granted one year more, and it is for this one year that he gives thanks— thanks such as no other can possibly give.

So many of the famous old people of the world have been removed during the past year that the remaining ones feel as if the respite that is theirs is a most precarious and uncertain one. Yet, while thankful for this one more year they look with bright eyes into what may be the Thanksgiving of next year.

NEAL DOW'S STRENGTH LIKE WINE. The object of nearly all the Thanksgivingists is Neal Dow, that old prohibitionist

ists is Neal Dow, that old prohibitionist, whom whisky has "neither killed nor cared" during all these years. "I look forward with certainly to another Thanksgiving," said Neal Dow at his last hirthday, "for, shough I am ninety, my strength is like young wine from the vine—no, I mean, like fresh water from the spring, sparkling, lively, full of baoyancy.

"What am I specially thankful for?" he queried, booking with bright eyes into the face of his questioner. "I am thankful for a thing that has come to pass in this last year of my life, thankful for the alliance of prohibition and practical politics. You have the Sunday prohibition in New York this year. You will have it all the week next year. A man should be thankful for this even though he has to live ninety years to see it."

Likegiad old brothers are those two grand old men of Europe—Gladstone and Hismarck. They have been lifelong friends, though their triendship has been clouded by many a battle that leaves its scar yet. During the last var Gladstone.

though their friendship has been clouded by many a battle that leaves its scar yet. During the last year Gladstone, at eighty-five, has written a new book and delivered several speeches, and Bismarck has kept-shis bealth and eaten what he pleased. Gladstone wid hast summer that he would be glad, and more than glad, if he could live long enough to complete certain hi-ographical work which he has on hand and to fulful the courtagt for some writing.

to fulfill the contract for some writing that he wants to do in '97. Bismarck is less ambitious. He wants his pains to leave him and to rest out a long quiet old age at Friedrichsruhe GLADSTONE'S DINNER.

Neither of these two old geutlemen all, Thanksgiving Day finds them chee lives in the land where Thanksgiving Day and full of gratifude because they are is celebrated, for neither feels the thrill holding the near dawn of another year.

years younger than be, and he is fully appreciative of his wonderful gift of life and strength. On Thanksgiving Days he specude a much longer time in prayer and often appoints special services. It always touches him deeply to know that his "children" in this country are setting aside a whole day for a thanksgiving service. GIVING THANKS ONCE MORE

aside a whole day for a thank-giving service.

Russell Sage is one of the famous old people. He is seventy-eight years old, but you have to be told it several times to believe it. Recently some one asked Mr. Sage what he was thankful for. "I can tell you," responded Mrs. Sage, smiling. "He is thankful because he can ent his turkey dinner without indigestion. He is thankful because he partakes of soup, turkey, boiled onlons, cramberries, turnips and ple and feels no ill effects. And he is glad because he can go to church in the morning, go down to business for an hour or two in the afternoon, take a long walk and cut his danner meanwhile. Mr. Sage, I think, will be thankful for many more a year than this. He was never stronger."

Rosa Bonheur, the recluse artist, was

never stronger."
Rosa Bouleur, the recluse artist, was asked in October what she would be most thankful for this fall. "I will be thankful," said she, "If Nero lives another year." A merry hungh followed this remark, as Miss Bonbeur saw the eyes of her listener grew puzzled.
"Nero is my tame lion," said she, "and I want him to less until I jinish this pienes. He is so wark now that we have to

I want him to lest until I finish this pic-ture. He is so weak now that we have to build him up with bouillon and to brace him up with cordials."
"But your own health, Miss Bonheur?" "Ou, I am ready to go when my lion dies. I shall have nothing to do after that. Yes, I shall be thankful if Nero lives a year or two more."
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, besides being thankful for another year, will be thank-

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, besides being thankful for another year, will be thankful for many gifts, the gifts of the women who are raising subscriptions for her eighteeth birthday. There is that new silk night dress about which so much controversy has been raised, and which, it is said, will be presented upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and there are many other gifts. Mrs. Stagion says: "I am thankful for one more year, thankful for my ability to work, and thankful for the worktly success which has come

"I am thankful for one more year, thouse ful for my shilling to work, and thankful for the worldly success which has come to me late in life. I was poor long enough to appreciate it."

Mrs. John Drew, the spry, graceful-old actress of seventy-six, refused to be thankful for one more year. "Thankful for one more stage success, I would rather say," said she. "I am a success in my last new role, and my steps are lighter than they were last year."

Senator William M. Evarts is spending his last years in a beautiful garden back of a large old-fashioned house in the retired part of New York. He is thankful for the voices of his graphichildren and he is thankful for the years that are spared to him. He was enight playing hide-and-seek with three small tyrants a week ago. "I am thankful, always thankful," declared he when asked how another Thanksglving Day would find him. "Thankful for the chalter of the children, if I must

fai," declared he when asked how another Thanksgiving Day would find him. "Thankfail for the chalter of the children, if I must specify something."

A merry old crowd are the famous old people of today. All are busy, most of them preparing a work for posterity, and others resting after the work is done. But one and all, Thanksgiving Day finds them cheerful and full of gratitude because they are beholding the near dawn of abuilder year.



Latest Sketches of Some Famous Old People.

of the landing upon Plymouth Rock and the joy of the Puritau fathers. But each knows about the American Thanksgiving, and each has for years given thanks upon our national holiday. One year Gladstone gave a Thanksgiving dinner for some Amer-ican gapes, and entoyed the continent of ican guests and enjoyed the sentiment of

the feast as much as, they.

Beroness Burdett-Courts has a busband who is half American. Mr. Burdett-Courts is in thorough sympathy with the land on the other side the water. Every year the good man's friends. The bishop begins by declaring that he is not going to have a Thanksgiving turkey; "there are too many people that need it." But his parishioners declare that he shall enjoy one. As early as Monday of Thanksgiving week the turkeys begin to come in. One, two, three, four, five, six an hour. All the friends of the bishop send one. But the bishop is determined to thwart them. Last summer in those dear old baroness, his wife, gives a Thanksgiving dinner for the people of her cauntry place, where she now lives all the year round, and each year she makes a little speech for them. On the day the baroness was eightly she made a little address to the assembled multitude of country people round her door. "I am thankful," said she, "not that I am a year older, but thankful that I am so young." Out of regard for her idolized husband's preferences, the baroness gives away a large fortune every Thanksgiving. Sometimes the gift takes one form, sometimes another. One year she gave every poor buckster in London a new horse and cart, and last year she presented every poor baby born Thanksgiving week with a trousseau. Even If the baroness should not give thanks on Thanksgiving

should not give thanks on Thanksgiving Day, her poor people would. Julia Ward Howe is the proudest old girl of all the famous old people. She is proud not so much of her own achievements as of her daughters. Her three girls have become almost as famous as she. Last year Mrs. Howe was more feeble than she is now, dear little old lady. Her steps were totterdear little old lady. Her steps were tottering, and she moved like a woman of eighty,
instead of a girl of only seventy-five. "I
am tired," she said one day, "and I may not
see another holiday. Yet, if I do-if I do-I
shall give thanks. I and the queen shall
give thanks for the same thing. We have
good daughters," Victoria, like Mrs. Howe,
is seventy-five years old, though the queen
is much more feeble than our good-old blueblooded New Englander.

Harriet Beecher Stowe flickers between
intellect and darkness. At times she knows,

intellect and darkness. At times she knows, sees, hears, and feels as though she were a young woman with quick blood coursing through her. In a minute the cloud falls and her intellect is dark.

MRS. STOWE'S POETRYS

A couple of weeks ago she sat under the trees in her Hartford home, looking at the purpling of the autumn leaves and the withering of the grass. Suddenly, as she lay back in her invalid's chair, her lips began to move. "What are you saying, grandma?" asked one of her grandchildren who was near her. "I am repeating those lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes and adapting them to myself:

'I, too, shall live to be The last leaf upon the tree." Then, as the poor brain grew clouded again, she lay back her head and let the

again, she hay back her head and let the hot tears rain down.

Mrs. Stowe's days are spent contentedly, and her sons and daughters give thanks because she is spared to them for so many Thanksgivings more than they expected. No one is more observant of the holidays in the new world, the world he has never visited, than Pope Leo XIII. The Pope at eighty-four is smarter than a man ten

THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS.

The old question comes up again and again as to how to devise something novel for Thanksgiving decoration. The day is one pre-eminently homely and simple in its spirit and traditions—a day set apart for returning thanks because of the necessities and everyday comforts of life.

Nothing is so appropriate in commemo-rating the occasion as embellishments from the barvest fields. In drawing-rooms nothing is more effective than Indian corn and diminative yellow pumpkins, the corn with its long stalks and golden ears stacked

on either side of the wide doors of grouped in corners, the small pampkins, with more ears of corn piled at the base. Vines of cranberry crowded, with the tipy red globes can trail across mantle thy red globes can trail across mantle shelves or twine up and down columns, while garlands of red and green peppers, all sizes and shapes, and great bunches of ripe wheat and oats are rich and beautiful in effect. Fruits of all kinds—grapes, late pears and peaches, resy apples and purple plums, mingled with their own folloge are unique and highly typical of the harvest bome.

For diving table ernamentation a novel and most attractive mode is to cut from the ordinary garden vegetables shapes simulating flowers—from the leed a deep red rose, from the yeilow turnip a tiger lily, a white lily or chrysanthemum from the po-tato, with lettuce leaves for foliage, while cabbage, celery, calliflower, and the dozen other kitchen garden productions add blos-soms to this original bouque!. One of these ornaments serves at each pilet as a favor, while a large group minetel with fortic

ornaments serves at each plate as a favor, while a buge group mingled with fruits forms a fine centerpiece.

It is a very simple matter to shape these mock flowers. A sharp knife and a little skill is all that is required. They may be prepared the day before Thanksgiving and kept fresh in a bowl of water.

CAROLYN, HALSTED.

Women in Danger.

There is an old saying that one never knows a woman's true character till he sees her in a moment of danger—and seldom

A couple of young ladies were on top of the Mills building recently. One walked boldly to the very edge of the coof and gazed steadily into the street below without the steadily into the street below without the thrill of a nerve or the quiver of a muscle.

"Brave girl, that," observed the signal officer. "Stout hearted and fearless. She'll make some man a good wife. Hoh! Look at the other one," he exclaimed, in disgust, as the stout-hearted girl's companion shrunk back and cried hysterically:

"Oh, hold me! I want to jump off!"

"What a little fool!" said the signal officer. "A baby to be petted. Wants to jump off! You couldn't pull her off there with an ox team."

They were just starting down the narrow stairway when somebody shoulted:

"There's a mouse!"

The brave girl, who had stood unflinching at the sdge of a high roof, let out a wild scream and rolled to the bottom of the stairs, while her companion laughed till she was almost hysterical.

"Girls are all-fools," declared the cynical signal officer.—San Francisco Post.

PARTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Mysteries of Intricacy Mastered in Time-Some Famous

Leaders.

The Thanksgiving house party ends with a cotillion on Thanksgiving night. After the dauce is over the guests begin to go, and even before morning the special train has borne many back to the duties of

The Thanksgiving Day house party in the city, the party that gathers for a day, ends its twelve hours of festivity with a Thanksgiving dance, in whose joyous steps trip all the members of the family, from grandfather down to the baby, and from the prettiest girl to the noblest young beau. That is the glory of the Thanksgiving

There is a new cotillion this year, and it is one that casts aside the Trilby, the Svengali and the popular song-dances, and puts in their place fresh, new things for holiday mirth. It is a bright, pretty dance, and figures of it will be in many a Thanksgiving home.

There are ten figures in the cotillion, the first one being "The House Party," it was planned by one of the best young leaders of the cotillion in New York, and will be danced for the first time Thanks giving, as will all the other figures of this cotillion.

L-THE HOUSE PARTY. In the house party the music is the two-step. The ladies all seat themselves around the wall. The music begins. The gen-tienen dance down the middle of the room, each stopping before a lady. The lady rises and dances with him. All join hands in the center of the room and dance around a table, which has been brought out by two men in livery. All bow low around the table, as though scating themselves. All dance to seats.

IL-GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR. For the second figure a big armchair is placed in the middle of the floor. It is covered with flowers and vines fall from its arms and back to the floor. The ladies stand around the room. The gentlemen waitz to them. The last gentleman to seek a partner is led by his lady to the grandfather's chair. "Grandmother" leans over the back of it, while the others dance around it.
"Grandfuther" is finally assisted from his

chair and dances with "grandmother" to a seat. The figure should be danced prompt-ly and even quickly. III.-THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

This being a flower figure, there are baskets for distributing the flowers. Three of the young ladies take the baskets and dance with polka steps down the sides of the room, giving a red flower to every gentleman and a white flower to every lady. The couples next choose partners and polka together around the room, a flowered parasol being given to each as a souvenir of the figure. of the figure. IV .- FOUR FLOWER POTS.

A pretty figure danced by the ladies alone. All dance to a long table at one side of the room, where the gentlemen present small, pretty jardineres of flowers to the ladies. They take the flower pots and ladies. They take the flower pots and dance down the reom, holding them high above the head. The gentlemen take them as the ladies return and place them in a as the ladies return and place them in a row. Each as he receives a flower pot dances with the lady who presents it to him, and thus a selection of partners is made by the young ladies. V.—THE WREATH.

No flower figure is prettier than this. The walls of the room and the chandeliers are hung with vines. The ends of the vines are angular in a bunch at one side of the room. The young ladies, each taking an end, dance down the room, dragging the vines over the heads of the young men. They reach for the strands and catch them gayly as they pass. Turning quickly in the dance, they twist the vines around themselves. When completely ensuared in the flowery meshes of love they dance with their pretty partners, and the figure is ended. VI.-BABY DANCE.

For the buds of the party. At a family house party the children dance it. Each

them in great piles, until a flowery beap less higher than their beads upon the floor. VII—DRUMSTICKS.

Part of a Thanksgiving dance is this indeed, though its name is slightly misconstrued, from the drumstick of a turkey to that of a real drum. Small drums are carried by the men of the party, who select their partners, handing them the drumsticks with a deep bow. The partner and begins to drum with them. For one minute the loud tapping is kept up, the orchestra meanwhile executing a musical taps, then the sticks are held in one hand, while the couptes waitz straight across the room and back with military precision.

VIII—FOUR-IN-HAND.

There is also a variation of what its name

room and back with military precision.

VHI—FOUR-IN-HAND.

There is also a variation of what its name would suggest, Only one gentleman out of four dances it, the selection being made by a pretty girl, who runs around the room touching every fourth man until the right number is obtained.

As she passes the last gentleman the first one dances down the room, gathering up partners—four-th-hand. He takes the hands of two in his right hand and two in his left, they meanwhile keeping gay steps as they dance down behind each other. Around the room they circle. For the second time they start around, but just as the first steps are taken for the second circling around, the other gentlemen rush out, capture partners and dance with them to places or seats. This is a pretty figure.

IX—ALL AT THE DINNER.

A figure for all members of the family, young and old, and it fittingly comes near the wind-up of the confillion. The eldest of the family—the third remains—start the

the wind-up of the cotillion. The eldest of the family-the third generation-start the dasce. The grandpas and grandmas join hands and circle around the middle of the floor. Quickly around them dance the

the Feathers.

Few of us who sit around the Thanke giving board pause to think of the vast number of turkeys that are necessary to supply the demand on this national holiday.

The origin of the turkey is lost in the tra-litions of the red man, who hunted the wild bird long before the pale face had domesticated it or made the famous proposition, after a day's hunt, in which a bugzard and a wild turkey constituted the amount of game killed:

"Now, you take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard."

And thereupon the maxim arose: "He

never said turkey to me once."

This favorite bird, which is an American production, when properly comidered with the necessary auxiliary of oysters, roasted



Driving Turkeys-The Picking Room

youngest generation, the children of ten or twelve. Finally come the young people. All dance around, the chains going in oppo-site directions. After three circles they drop hands and face toward a large side table loaded with souvenirs. All grasp partners and dance to an old-lime quick-step galop to the table, where the eldest generation distribute souvenirs to, quick music.

X .- NEXT YEAR'S KISSES.

This is the exit dance. The gentlemen se This is the exit dance. The gentement se-lect partners and start to dance with them in the conventional way. When the danc-ing has gone on about a minute a loud smack is heard in one end of the room and a loud smacking in the other. It is the youngsters, secreted behind a screen, who are doing the smacking, but the effect is

are doing the smacking, but the effect is as magic as though done by the cotillion fairy of Thanksgiving.

At the first "smack" the couples drop hands and the young ladies waltz away from their partners, throwing kisses meanwhile. As they separate further and further the kissing continues, pretty hands waiting them deliciously toward the masculine partners, who hold out appealing hands. As the door is reached there is a final round of kisses and the girls vanish through the door. That ends the cotillion figures proper and afterward a supper figures proper and afterward a supper can be served.

To make the cotillion a success there

lent celery, makes a savory dish, in the full praise of which all words ignominiously fail.

The following figures from an mand Kentucky town, one of many which help to supply the city markets with Thanksgiv-ing turkeys, will give some little dea of the extent of this branch of industry and of

the extent of this branch of industry and of the methods employed to prepare the turkey for the market and the cook.

The young brood of turkeys is to the farmer's wife her chief source of revenue for the autumn and winter; therefore, she guards them through the dangers attendant on turkeyhood with zealous care, and usually drives a shrewd bargain fater with the buyer, who begins his riding through the country as Thanksgiving approaches.

Turkeys are generally bought on foot, and the prices range from 4 to 5 cents a pound. The flocks are driven to the turkey peas from the different farms. If the distance is a long one and night comes on before the peas are reached, the turkey goes to roost at sandown wherever it may happen to be, and despite all efforts of the driver to trige it on.

Turkeys are kept in enclosed pens un-til they are ready to be killed, but geese are pastured out on meadows, and are watched by small boys, who, with long steks, keep them from straying out of becomes

Ducks, geese, and chickens, are generally shipped alive to the cities turkeys are usually killed and dressed for the market. They are not fed for some twelve hours before killing, and after being picked and cleaned are put on cooling boards for another twelve hours before they are packed in cases for shipment. sand turkeys or more constitute a car-

In the turkey house are a row of loxes with both ends open, and narrowing toward the lower end. These are fastened along the side of the wall, and into them the tarkeys are thrust, head downward, until their heads and neck protrude through the lower opening. Then the "sticker," with a sharp knife, goes along the line and cuts the throat of each bird, leaving it to bleed to death, while a trough underseath

bleed to death, white a trough undertreath it carries off the blood.

When the turkey is dead the wires and tail feathers are cut off, and the body is sent to the picking-troum, where a number of men, women, and children are employed. The turkey is suspended from a twice cord, and the picker inhibly uses both bands, literally "making the feathers fly."

From two to four thousand turkeys are picked a day, and a skillful hand can average fifty or sixty each. Three cents apiece is paid for picking a turkey.

Not much of the fowl is thrown away. The wings are saved, and are said for fans and other things, the sail feathers are sent

and other things, the tall feathers are sent to factories where feather dusters are made. the quilts are ground into pulp and then pressed into artificial whalebone, and the loose teathers are used for various purposes. When the dressed turkey reaches the market the prices fluctuate anywhere from 21-2

to 15 cents a pound, so that the business is not always a paying one. From twenty to thirty thousand furkeys are killed each season and sent from this

one turkey pen, and the reader may judge from these figures how great a number is required to supply the Thanksgiving board throughout the country with its great national dish.

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TIMELY CHARITIES.

The modern lady bountiful, even more than her old-time sister, loves dearly to unloose her purse for her less fortunate fellow beings, and at Thanksgiving tide is her heart especially touched. This is the one day of the year entirely given over to the joys of home, and then do the trials of the homeless appeal most acutely to her who is richly endowed with this world's goods. A favorite manner of dispensing Thanks-

A favorite manner of dispensing Thanksgiving bounty is for my lady to go to the
pairon of her pet charity—day nursery,
hospital or asylam—and, slipping into the
good woman's hand a generous check, tell
her to feed the hungry on that day of days.

Then the aforesaid matron, with her assistants, takes out her list of deserving
poor, and for each family she prepares a
roomy brown paper bag. In it go a turkey, flour, and vegetables, not forgetting
a golden pumpkin from which to make the
traditional pie. Next, a number of the
destitute and respectable hangers—m are
paid to carry these precious particle to
the various recipients to whom this homely
present is one of the greatest episodes of
the year, bringing sunshine in a shady
place to many a weary and hopeles soul.

Affording a means of enjoying a Thanks—

Affording a means of enjoying a Thanks-Affording a means of enjoying a Thanksgiving dinner in the bene fickery sown home, no matter how humble, carries out the idea and spirit of the day to a much greater extent than for a large number of the unfortunates to he asked to dine tegether at some public institution. But when, as is so often the case, poor creatures have no spot they can really call their own, how gladly to they sit down to a bountful feast prepared for them through the generosity of some kindly friend whose lines have fallen in pichsanter places.

The Parasol Girl in Chrysanthemum Figure.

child starts down the room, passing the leader, who is stationed at a table piled with nosegays. Each child gets a flower as he passes. Around the room they dance again, receiving other nosegays from other tables. Finally they have as many as they can carry, each child faving them sticking in hair, in gown, in, sask, in me k, until all are like walking mosegays. When all the nosegays are used up the children dance with them to a corner, where they drop